"Quote" SERVICE BULLETIN

To conserve the time of Public Speakers, Educators, Writers, Ministers, Executives and all who are "Too Busy to Read"

Issued each Saturday to our subscribers . . . QUOTE SERVICE, *Drake House, Indianapolis.*

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ADVERTISING

Advertisement of Pickersgill Publicity Service in *Trend*, issued by Publicity Club of Leeds, England:

"We are seeking a client who will advertise his product with 2" doubles regularly for the duration. We will make his product a Household name in the zone he chooses. (The present 6 and 4 page newspapers now make 2" doubles worth the 10" triples of peacetime.)"

AVIATION

As far back as 1670, a Jesuit missionary, Francesco Lana, planned a flying machine, and wrote of it as follows:

"I do not see any other difficulty that could prevail against this invention save . . . that God will never permit such a machine to be constructed, in order to preclude the numerous consequences which might disturb the civil and political government among men. For who does not see that no city would be secure from surprise attacks, as the airship might appear at any hour directly over its market-square and there land its crew? The same would happen to private houses and to ships crossing the sea . . . Even without descending, it could hurl iron pieces which would capsize the vessel and kill men, and the ships might be burnt with artificial fire balls and bombs."—BERTHOLD LAUFER, *The Prehistory of Aviation*. (Field Museum Press, Chicago.)

" "

Hating the enemy is wartime routine, but it takes a curious turn in the air. An air battle is more like a game in which the penalty is stiff for the loser, but in which skill, craftiness and sometimes humor are the motivating factors. . . .

A British magazine reports that the Germans recently and laboriously constructed a wooden airport—shell buildings, hangars, painted runways, etc.—in Holland, to lure English flyers away from active fields in that sector. The RAF lads waited patiently until the last nail was driven and the paint all dry on the fake airport. And then a lone British pilot swished over the wooden airport and dropped a lone bomb—a wooden bomb.—MAJ. AL WILLIAMS, Scripps-Howard Aviation Editor.

Is This How Hitler Plans to Cross?

This seemingly fantastic account comes to us from a confidential source which we are obligated to protect. We pass it along—without comment:

The Nazis, according to our informant, are building a bridge to cross the Channel, probably at the narrow point, from Dunkirk to Dover. The great bridge is fashioned in half-mile sections; these sections to be floated into the Channel on huge pneumatic balls. The sections attach magnetically, and a series of ingeniously devised boats will be moored along each side, to hold the structure rigid. When all is in readiness, it is asserted that the Panzer divisions will cross—"as many as may be needful."

These operations, it is said, are to be screened by "unnumbered thousands" of airplanes, "If Hitler can control a Channel strip two miles wide, for a period of 48 hours" we are told, "this will be sufficient."

MAXWELL DROKE,
Publisher.

CIVILIZATION

It oughtn't to *need* a war to make a nation paint its kerbstones white, carry rear-lamps on its bicycles, and give all slum children a holiday in the country. And it oughtn't to need a war to make us talk to each other on buses, and invent our own amusements in the evening, and live simply, and eat sparingly, and recover the use of our legs, and get up early enough to see the sun rise. However, it *has* needed one; which is about the severest criticism our civilization could have.—JAN STRUTHER "Mrs. Miniver," (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00.)

" "

Some years ago, when passing New Zealand House in the Strand, I saw a young man and his girl looking at a picture in the window—a picture of a group of sheep on Canterbury Plains. Suddenly the maiden burst into tears. "I can't go with you to that lonely place," I heard her say. At this slight on my native heath, I interfered and said, "Young woman, do you not know that within easy run of that beautiful spot lies a town with twelve cinemas?" That did the trick; that altered her whole view. No town with twelve cinemas could be uncivilized.—DAVID LOW, "Meditations on Westminister," *The Living Age*, 1-'41.

COMMERCE

Business is good, and it is going to be good for some time. Don't worry too much about what may happen after that. It may keep on being good. And some of us will not be here anyway. So make the best of it. Let's do what we know is right in our own business—and let's have some fun while we are doing it!—F. T. HOPKINS, addressing a meeting of the National Outdoor Advertising Association.

CONCENTRATION

In a laboratory in Washington is a burning glass which measures three feet across. Hung in a window it converges 36 inches of sunshine into one tiny point of light more powerful than a blow torch. This point of concentrated sunshine is so hot that it will burn its way through steel plate.

To burn your way through obstacles and problems and reach your goal, concentrate your energies as the burning glass concentrates the power of the sun.—*The Royal Neighbor*, 1-'41.

CONVERSATION

Recently the British press launched a merciless Blitz against gabby bombees. Pained by this lack of public sympathy, touchy bomb bores in Birmingham formed an exclusive mutual air society—"The Birmingham District Bombees Association"—to listen to one another's bomb stories. No interruptions allowed.—*Current History and Forum*, 1-23-'41.

CO-OPERATION

Nearly 20,000 employees of the Lockheed-Vega airplane factories in Los Angeles—ordinary American men and women—decided to work in their own spare time, build a huge bombing plane and give it to the people of Britain. This was their own idea. It was the result of no compulsion, no threats, no organized propaganda. The Lockheed-Vega company provided the materials, and the workers, with their own free labor, built the plane. It was delivered in Montreal on last Christmas Day, and started overseas for active service with the R. A. F. —ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, *Vogue*, 2-'41.

CRIME

There are known to be 3,500,000 criminals in the United States. You may rub shoulders with a murderer before the day is over; there are 150,000 traveling our streets and highways. Twelve thousand persons are murdered wilfully each year. That is, one every forty-five minutes—thirty-seven during the 24 hours of this day, thirty-seven yesterday and thirty-seven tomorrow . . . Our 3,500,000 criminals, if put all together in one place, would make a city larger than any in the Western Hemisphere except New York.—DALLAS YOUNGS, "A World of Crime," *The Watchman Magazine*.

" "

We learned long ago that we can prevent more crime in the high-chair than in the electric chair.—J. EDGAR HOOVER, via WALTER WINCHELL.

" "

Among the inmates of a penitentiary, as in all groups, there is an aristocracy.

The aristocrats are those who stage hold-ups with guns. They are conceded to be made of better stuff than the burglars, pickpockets, sneak thieves, forgers, embezzlers, bankers and bigamists.

Ranking lowest among criminals are the poor fish who are in jail for the neglect of minor children. The gunmen hold them in utter contempt.

The gunman gets his rank from the danger and strategy that are involved in the successful practice of his profession. It is conceded that he is a man of courage and brains.

Purse-snatchers are trash, as are trust officers who convert the savings of poor people to their own use.—*Opportunity*, 2-'41.

Wisecracks of the Week

Too many of us itch for something we're too lazy to scratch for.—*Leader's Magazine.*

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England's immediate job is to knock the "heel" out of the Italian boot.—HAL COOK.

" "

For giving the face a good color, get one pot of rouge and one rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home, and walk out and back once a day to see if they are still there—*Journal of American Medical Association.*

" "

American democracy is ultimately based on the idea of the greatest *goods* to the greatest number.—LIN YUTANG.

CULTURE

It is not a matter of purely practical and political importance that societies which once made part of the community of Western culture should now attempt by murder and outrage and exile to root out that culture and to replace it with private and parochial sciences and private and parochial arts, so that frontiers are armed, for the first time in the history of the West, not only along the rivers and the mountains and the boundaries of nations, but across the common earth of culture, the free land that was never fenced before.

I think no honest man will say that these are matters of practical and political significance alone. I think that any man who considers with coolness, and without the preconceptions of the dogmas, the character of the crisis of his time will admit, because he will have no choice but to admit, that this crisis is in essence a cultural crisis—a revolt of certain classes, certain conditions of men against the inherited culture of the West and against all common culture—a revolt by no means limited to those nations alone where it has been successful. Wars we have had before—many wars; murder also: inquisition of scholars: torture of askers: suppression and mutilation of truth. But in the past these things have been done, however hypocritically, in the name of truth, in the name of humanity—even in the name of God. The forms of culture were preserved—and in the preservation of a civilization, as in the preservation of an art, the forms are everything. What is new and unexampled in the times we live in is *the repudiation of the forms.* What is new is a cynical brutality which considers moral self-justification unnecessary and therefore—and this is perhaps the worst indecency—dispenses even with the filthy garment of the hypocrite.—ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, *The Irresponsibles*, (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $1.)

DEFENSE

A Chaplain Speaks

I am a chaplain, a man of peace, and I know something of the horrors of war. But I cannot see the selective service in this gloomy light, and I want to say a reassuring word to those whose men are being called. The facts are that, with every step toward camp, these young men are making it ever more certain that they will *not* see war service. They are telling the world, in the only language which aggressors understand, that America can defend herself.—WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, *American Magazine*, 3-'41.

Stock well the quiver
With arrows bright:
The bowman feared
Need never fight.

—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, *Make Bright the Arrows*, (Harper, $1.75.)

" "

Vamoose la Femme—Mayor Leo J. Rogers, of Trenton, N. J., who is also Director of Public Safety, has established a vice squad of six policemen to protect Ft. Dix soldiers from predatory women. Two policewomen will have the job of peeking into bars to frighten away other undesirable females.—*P.M.*

" "

Soon to be manufactured for Uncle Sam is a new propellant powder that is smokeless and flashless. It will not betray the position of a gun fired at night; only a dull red glow will be visible from a short distance. —*Eagle Magazine.*

DIET

For the soldiers who may become detached for an extended period, the Germans have a highly concentrated food they call "Pemmikan." The idea was borrowed from the American Indians who prepared it from dried game and cranberries for use in extended migrations. The Germans issue their Pemmikan to tank, fortress and mountain troops as well as to their air crews.

The "Pemmikan-Lanjaegar," as it is technically called, contains smoked meat, bacon, soybean flour, dried fruits, whey, tomato pulp, yeast, green pepper, cranberries, and lecithin—all substances necessary for building up the body, including carbohydrates, protein, fat and mineral salts.—"Foods That Aided Blitzkreig," in *Food Industries*, 1-'41.

DISPUTE

In back-villages of mid-Vermont, where plain horse sense is the norm of I. Q., the rumor runs, when two neighbors deadlock in a dispute about their mutual boundary line, the town fathers take the far line claimed by each disputant, add ten feet beyond each of these lines, and make a strip of land twenty-plus feet wide which neither claimant may henceforth call his own. This insulating No Man's Land is called "the Devil's strip."—PHILLIPS E. OSGOOD, "What the Church Can do," *The Atlantic*, 2-'41.

DISTRIBUTION

A fact which seems scandalous to many critics is that it costs more on the average to distribute goods than it does to make them . . . As a matter of fact, for very simple mathematical reasons, a decrease in the production cost of a commodity, assuming the distribution cost to remain the same, will mean that distribution takes a larger share of the consumer's dollar.

How this works out is illustrated by automobile tires. In 1921 the average factory cost for a typical tire was $22.50, and the marketing cost was $15.90. Twelve years later—by 1933—the factory cost had dropped to $4.87 and the marketing cost to $5.63. Both kinds of costs had dropped, and the consumer paid only $10.50 for a tire in 1933 as compared with $38.40 in 1921. Because of the larger cut in production costs, however, distribution costs accounted for 54 cents of the consumer's dollar in 1933, as compared with only 41 cents in 1921.—J. FREDERICK DEWHURST, Economist, Twentieth Century Fund.

THE COLUMNISTS' COLUMN

Is our aim to "Save Britain?" Or is it to "Save Britain" and "Save France" and "Save all the Allies" including Poland? We really have to know.

The reason is this: There is a possibility of saving Britain—by which I mean the British Isles—without our going into the war with men. The attack on England is from the air. There are few military authorities in this country who believe that England can be invaded by the Germans. . . . With the aid of American planes, tanks, guns, etc., sent to her in vast quantities (England) might finally convince Germany that her subjugation by air is impossible. Germany might then be willing to call it off and make a treaty with England.

Would Lord Halifax consider that at this point England had won? No one could say that Germany had won the war. She had won all but Britain. The low countries and French coast would still be in her hands, menacing England.

Would Lord Halifax say that Britain had not yet won, and that she would not consider ending the fight until Germany had been driven from the low countries and France? . . .

When the time comes to drive Germany from France it is going to take five or six million men and a vast mountain of equipment. And no power in the world can supply it to England—men and machines—except America. . . .

American statesmen who are thinking about America, to whose protection they are sworn, ought certainly to insist on an answer to this question: *What are the war aims?*—JOHN T. FLYNN, NEA Staff Economist

" "

When life has simmered down to the point where you have to choose between being bombed and living like swine on the floor of a dungeon, then life has indeed become pretty bleak. . . .

All over England people are burrowing in shelters at night. Millions of them are living through these 16-hour winter nights like that—just down there waiting in a tube, or a basement, or a dugout. There's no denying that it's better than being dead, but it's certainly a hell of a way to live.

On an average, one-fourth of London's population has slept underground in the last six months. On nights when the raids are bad, about half of London is below the surface. And in certain sections . . . in the poor East End, they say that on bad nights 99% of the people are down below. . . .

When you read that only a fourth of London is burrowing, don't get the idea that the others are out busting around town. Only a few thousand are. The rest are at home, behind their blackout curtains. . . .

There are all kinds of opinion about the people who live in shelters. Social workers think they're wonderful. Some people consider them cowards. As far as I can see, they have the same strengths and weaknesses that people in the mass have everywhere. . . . The shelters do harbor some conscription dodgers and petty thieves, and a horde of young men who refuse to act as fire-watchers or do much of anything else. At home they would be drug-store cowboys; here they're called "tube Cuthberts."—ERNIE PYLE, NEA Correspondent, writing from London.

" "

Among the habiliments Jack Garner packed up when he left Washington was a suit of evening clothes. "What use will you have for those fancy duds in Texas?" a friend asked. "Oh" replied Garner "we still have weddings and funerals there."—DREW PEARSON & ROBERT S. ALLEN, *Washington Merry-Go-Round*.

" "

The Florists' Telegraph Delivery Ass'n. has a new expression for an extra-large order of flowers which worried husbands send wives. They call it "The Dog-House Corsage."—WALTER WINCHELL, *On Broadway*.

EDUCATION

The teacher in the small college can keep an eye on his students, not in the hotel-detective fashion of a high school teacher, who must insure the passing of examination, but as an adviser whose advice will be sought more and more as he proves to the student his competence to give it. At the end of his stay, the student may not know by heart so many "right answers" to examination questions, but there is some prospect that he will have been shown the possible types of grindstone on which he may sharpen his thought, and may even have found the one best suited to him. —J. E. JEFFERIES, "The Small College," *The Canadian Forum*, 1-'41.

EDUCATION

A simple lesson in humility was illustrated not long ago in a cartoon appearing in a leading metropolitan newspaper. It pictured a young woman in graduation costume—cap, gown, the inevitable diploma and an expression of self-satisfied dignity and assurance. Before her stood the World with an expression of age-old wisdom and experience. "Well, who have we here?" the World asked. "You evidently don't know me," the young lady replied, "I am Virginia Cordelia Smith, A.B." "Ah," said the World, "come with me and I will teach you the rest of your alphabet."—*Trained Men.*

EDUCATION—Juvenile

Virtually every child in America is reading color "comic" magazines—a poisonous mushroom growth of the last two years.

Ten million copies of these sex-horror serials are sold every month. One million dollars are taken from the pockets of America's children in exchange for graphic insanity.

Frankly, we were not perturbed when we first heard about the rise of action "comics." We imagined (as do most parents) that they were no worse than the "funnies" in the newspapers. But a careful examination of the 108 periodicals now on the stands shocked us into activity. At least 70 per cent of the total were of a nature no respectable newspaper would think of accepting.

Save for a sprinkling of more or less innocuous "gag" comics and some reprints of newspaper strips, we found that the bulk of these lurid publications depend for their appeal upon mayhem, murder, torture and abduction—often with a child as the victim. Superman heroics, voluptuous females in scanty attire, blazing machine guns, hooded "justice" and cheap political propaganda were to be found on almost every page.

The old dime novels in which an occasional redskin bit the dust were classic literature compared with the sadistic drivel pouring from the presses today . . . Unless we want a coming generation even more ferocious than the present one, parents and teachers throughout America must band together to break the "comic" magazine.—STERLING NORTH, *Chicago Daily News.*

FEAR

Fear is not a sudden hard terror. Fear is not a starting back from a blow, a stepping aside from danger, a swift sharp action of the mind. Fear is not quick and vital, the smash of a fist, the crack of a whip, the slash of a knife. Fear is not bright with sudden danger. It is a slowly dawning creeping in the mind. It is a faltering and gradual chilling of the heart. . . . Fear comes by stealth, wreathing around corners, burrowing patiently, hinting of its coming, whispering that the world is not yours to possess.—BENEDICT THIELEN in "I'll Tell You the Story of a Brave Engineer," *The Yale Review*, Winter, 1940.

HANDICAPS

A disabled person, if placed in the right job, is just as efficient as a non-handicapped person. Theoretically, three out of every ten jobs could be handled competently by suitably trained workers with physical handicaps.—*Science News Letter*, 1-25-'41.

HOME

Home is not where you were born, but where you want to die.—CARL ZUCKMAYER *in Second Wind.*

IDEALS

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching with your hands. But, like seafaring men on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them you will reach your destiny.—CARL SCHURZ, *National Parent-Teacher*, 1-'41.

INDUSTRY

Fully 70% of the plant equipment in this country is more than 10 years old. We must remember that when the war is over, no matter who wins, we will have to compete in the world market with comparatively low-cost labor and modern, up-to-the-minute equipment. Great Britain has been installing new equipment in factories and buying great quantities from us. True, much of it will be blown up, but it is also certain that what is left will be new and up to date.—left will be new and up to date. This is indeed a consideration which American industry cannot afford to take lightly. We should plan now with a thought to the post-war world.—EARL O. SHREVE, v. p., General Electric and president National Electric Manufacturers Ass'n.

INGENUITY

"Sunday Shine Mister?"—One Saturday a friend of mine looked out his office window at a group of boys with shoeshine kits. He noticed that one of the boys was continually busy. As soon as he finished shining one pair of shoes, he snared another passerby and was back at work. The other boys landed a job only occasionally, but this particular boy never seemed to lack a customer.

His curiosity aroused, the businessman decided to investigate. This is what he found: The other boys were merely inquiring: "Shine, mister?" The busy boy smilingly interrogated each passerby with: "Shine for *Sunday*, mister?"

The two words "for Sunday" were all that stood between genuine success and mediocrity. They touched a responsive chord, for we all like to look our best on Sunday.—WALTER A. LOWEN, *This Week*, 1-19-'41.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Because the term "appeaser" has taken on some rather unpalatable connotations, Dr. George A. Buttrick, past president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, has called upon churchmen everywhere to adopt a "ministry of reconcilliation." Reconcilliation, Dr. Buttrick explains, means "to make friendly again," while appeasement means to "pacify by concession." Appeasement may compromise with war, while reconcilliation "grapples with the causes of war."

JUDGMENT

A professor put a line on the blackboard 5½ feet long, and asked the 30 members of his class to guess the length of that line. Not one single student guessed it exactly; some were way off on one side, some way off on the other. But the average—the sum total of their views—was exactly right!

Now, something like that seems to happen in a democracy. I don't for a moment mean to say that the people are always right, but it is surprising how many times the people are more nearly right than their leaders. The collective judgment of the people, nine times out of ten, is right.—DR. GEORGE GALLUP, President, American Institute of Public Opinion, in an address delivered before the National Association of Sales Executives.

LIES, LYING

The normal person reacts strongly, even dramatically, to the Lie Detector which is now finding valued use in business. Even after an employee of a store confessed to past thefts of several hundred dollars, his polygrams continued to show violent waves. Finally, in desperation, he pulled off the band around his chest saying, "Let me get to my shirt pocket. I want to clear this thing up." And he pulled out an envelope containing over $200.00 which he had stolen that morning.

"Take it," he cried. "The stuff is not only burning a hole in my pocket, —it's burning a hole in my heart." —J. P. McEvoy, "I Cannot Tell A Lie," *Forbes*, 1-'41.

MERCHANDISING

The magazine, *Sales Management*, lists 61 special merchandising "weeks" already set aside by various trade associations in this yet-young year. They range from "Hot Tea Week" in early January (Iced Tea has a week in June) to National Hobby Week, beginning on next Christmas day.

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"I can get it wholesale"—Julien Elfenbein, Editorial Director, Haire Business Publications, asserts: "There are three parasitic types of business in this country who make up the *fifth column* in retail merchandising:

(1) "The so-called consumer co-operative . . . which gets thousands of consumers to pay $2 membership fee and then gives cards enabling the member to buy anything in the world at 40 per cent off list price. . . .

(2) "The industrial buyers . . . who use their tremendous purchasing power to get consumer goods for their employees at 40 per cent off list price. . . .

(3) "The discount or 'schlag' house, sometimes called the upstairs catalog house, which serves as an outlet for distributors of well-known standard national brands of merchandise."

These sources, collectively, according to Mr. Elfenbein "divert from legitimate channels $1 out of every $10 that the consumer spends, exclusive of food and drugs."

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Here's a new idea featured in the Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company colorama exhibit in New York: A mirror reduces the shopper to one-eighth normal size and shows her successively in five miniature rooms, each planned for a specific color type—blonde, brunette, brown-hair, silver-gray, titian. Thus, a prospect can "try on" rooms, as she does hats and dresses.

The theory behind the exhibit is that a woman's scope of flattery extends far beyond her clothes; that she "wears" the rooms in her house just as she does her dresses.—*Display World.*

THE NEW BOOKS---

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THEM

For Whom The Bell Tolls—ERNEST HEMINGWAY (*Farewell to Arms; The Sun Also Rises; Death in The Afternoon, etc.*) Scribner's, $2.75.

This book has topped Best-Seller lists since publication. Movie rights to Paramount for a reported $100,000, plus 10 cents a copy for first 500,000 books sold. May top previous high paid for Edna Ferber's *Cimarron*.

Dedicated to Martha Gellhorn, foreign correspondent for *Collier's*, whom Hemingway met in Spain, recently married. This is the fruit of the author's "behind-the-firing-lines" experience in Spain's bitter civil war, and his well-known pro-Loyalist sympathies stain the novel in anti-Fascist tones. Here is the language of Spain, the charm of informal conversational address, the rhythm of phrase and description—combined with a fecund portion of gross invective. Profanity at its richest!

To illuminate the universal pain in the rupture of war, Hemingway chose for his title a fragment from the words of the seventeenth century English divine, John Donne: "Any man's *death* diminishes *me*, because I am involved in *Mankinde;* And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls; It tolls for *thee*."

The frenzied butchery of civil war is not one-sided. Hemingway has made no such pretense. But he leads the readers' emotions into harmony with those of an unsuspected Loyalist guerilla band, harbored in a mountain area behind the Fascist lines. In this picturesque hilltop setting, intensifying in contrast the harsh evidences of war—patrolled highways, bombers roaring through the clouds—four tense days leading to the destruction of a strategic bridge are lived violently by Robert Jordan, American volunteer with the Republic. Though one may feel that total victory or defeat hinges upon the crippling of the bridge, it is obviously but a minor incident typical of all war.

As "the dynamiter," Jordan is warily accepted by Pablo, degenerating leader of the guerillas; but by Pilar, obscenely outspoken woman of Pablo, he is gripped with a hand of hearty co-operation. Ugly, but great in kindness, Pilar is the self-chosen guard of tawny, short-haired Maria, only other woman in the band. Upon the arrival of the young American, the older woman's vigilance relaxes as she sanctions the spontaneous love of the *Ingles* and the little "cropped head." The passionately beautiful love story of these two relieves the nerve-wracking strain preceding the fateful Loyalist attack.

Treachery, suspicion, and the tragic destruction of a friendly band increase the gloominess of the outlook, and menace Jordan's swiftly-revolving plan. A desperate effort to warn the Loyalist command of the futility of the attack is too late. "Keep your damned head together and get the anger out and stop this cheap lamenting like a damned wailing wall" Jordan upbraids himself as black despair seems ready to crush him.

But during the last twenty-four hours, his clever manipulation in a crisis keeps the little band alive, each member, in the words of Pablo, "ready for what the day brings" each willing to follow out the carefully-detailed scheme which destroys the bridge just as the attack has begun.

The "whys" behind and the hopes ahead of these four momentous days are revealed in the memories and anticipations which crowd into Jordan's mind—incoherent, sometimes disjointed, but as true to humanity as the novel is true to war.

MONEY

If a man makes money, no matter how much, he finds a certain happiness in its possession, for in the desire to increase his business, he has constant use of it. But the man who inherits it has none of this He must labor, if he does labor, simply to add to an overstuffed efficiency.—WAYNE ANDREWS, *The Vanderbilt Legend*, (Harcourt, $3.50.)

NEWSPAPERS

What Readers Want: It is not that modern journalism sets a premium on inaccuracy. What it comes down to is that accuracy has become a matter of secondary concern. Newspaper readers want excitement; they want personalities; they do not blame a correspondent if he makes an honest mistake or if his idealism occasionally wafts him off into the Cloud-Cuckoo-Land of wishful thinking. Dullness is the only unforgivable sin. —QUINCY HOWE, *The News and How to Understand it.* (Simon & Schuster, $2.)

NOISE

The other night in England, during a terrific barrage, a Bloomsbury resident had a gramophone concert. Beethoven remained unintelligible through a roar of guns. There was a knock. Was it the black-out again? Anxiously he opened the door to find a polite neighbor who said that he called upon behalf of several of the people in the house. They were sorry but they really could not stand the noise of the gramophone. It was terribly "monotonous" and they could get no rest.—*The New Statesman and Nation*, London, 12-'40.

PREJUDICE

Too many of our prejudices are like pyramids upside down. They rest on tiny, trivial incidents, but they spread upward and outward until they fill our minds.—WILLIAM McC. MARTIN, JR., *American Magazine*, 2-'41.

PROGRESS

From Slime to Slime—The first living cells, we are told, are just beginning to emerge from the slime on the planet Venus. It may be the only place in the universe, aside from Earth, where life trembles in the titanic starry void. Aeons will pass, and the plasm of Venus, having climbed the long agonizing stairs, will evolve as Man, or as creatures resembling men. What a triumph of progress that will be, when they too, having received the blessings of civilization, can pilot their fiery cars through the empyrean maze and with furious hearts drop baskets of death and mutilation on the innocents. What a success story!—From Slime to Slime in a billion years.—STANLEY J. KUNITZ, *Wilson Library Bulletin*, 12-'40.

RACES

Schoolboys for generations have been taught that the American Indian is vanishing . . . That isn't so. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, John Collier, has just issued some statistics, which prove that since 1900 the Indians have increased from 237,000 to 361,000, or better than 52 per cent. Indians in the Western Hemisphere number 30,000,000, but there have never at any time been more than 900,000 living in the U. S.—*Christian Herald*, 2-'41.

RELIGION

Confession is a sacrament, not a sort of hit and run laundry business. It is not something to be sandwiched in between a movie and a shopping tour. Entering the church, therefore, should be at a lesser velocity than the speed of a bomb.

Standing too near the confessional is clearly a mark of the extended ear for news.

Children should go to confession at the proper hours and not impede the grownups who really have something to say. —*Catholic Digest.*

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The lunatic fringe of religion fattens on those who are emotionally starved. They go after those millions of Christians who still want a little heat in their religion, and a little exaltation, but fail to find it in places where great soul-shaking experiences have been replaced by Go-to-Church Week and Bingo parties for the Lord. Some folks just want to shout, and you can't shout in Saint John's Cathedral; so they become Holy Rollers, ranters, Pentacostists, Witnesses. Nor are they as ridiculous as the more even-tempered assume. Granted that they have more than their share of cranks, malcontents, and feeble-minded, they are not all to be disposed of with such convenient tags. Many of them are deeply sincere; they have been through Gethsemane, they are lost pilgrims on the road to Shangri-la. The sound of their marching is a challenge to the church—FRANK S. MEAD, "The Lunatic Fringe of Religion," *The American Mercury*, 2-'41.

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Protestants everywhere would do well to ponder the fate of 110,000 copies of the Bible, including Testaments, which the British and Foreign Bible Society sent to Spain recently for distribution. By order of the Spanish Government, which is strongly Roman Catholic, the entire shipment was confiscated and pulped for the making of cellulose.—*Signs of the Times*, 1-21-'41.

A little girl, walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, on being asked what she was thinking, replied: "I was thinking that if the wrong side of Heaven is so glorious what must the right side be."—*The Christian Builder.*

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Long prayers embrace no urgent need.—REV. FRED BECK, *Evangelical Beacon.*

SAFE DRIVING

The National Safety Council's Quarterly Journal of Studies in Alcohol notes an increase from 7% in 1933 to 11% in 1939 of drinking drivers involved in fatal accidents . . .

Drivers with more than 0.15 per cent alcohol in their blood are 55 times more likely to be involved in an accident than are those who have no alcohol in their blood.—*Christian Herald*, 2-'41.

SALES

Salesmen & The Draft—One sales manager heading a national organization, has listed the ages, marital status, draft numbers, and physical conditions of all salesmen in his employ. He has had draft-age men examined by doctors who know army requirements.

Of course he cannot tell which men will be drafted for army service. But he knows approximately how many men now on his sales force will be called. And he is training men to take their places.—EDWIN H. SHANKS, "Your Business and Defense," *American Business*, 1-'41.

SALESMANSHIP

We Americans talk a great deal about "science." From our talk it might appear that happiness comes from test tubes, and that our guardian angels are beings equipped with microscopes, retorts, Bunsen burners, slide-rules and spectroscopes

That may be true. Thomas Alva Edison may indeed have been a bigger character in the United States than Santa Claus. Without Edison, Bell, Eli Whitney, Morse, Agassiz, the Wrights, and Kettering, America would be a dark and dull country. But all of those inventors, and all their peers in science, would have operated in a vacuum, unless there had been salesmen to distribute their inventions.—O. E. JONES, vice-president, Swift & Company.

SERVICE

The other day a prison inmate read that Mrs. Rose McMullin, the "Lady of the Golden Blood," had recovered from the rare blood disease, staphylococcus septicemia, and was donating her blood to others who were suffering from the disease. He was impressed by the fact that 30 of the 35 patients who had received her blood had recovered. He made us a proposition.

"Look," he said, "why can't I be given that disease? Hell, I ain't got nothing to lose! Suppose I don't recover? Either way I go I'm winner. I've got a long time to do and either way won't make much difference. If I recover, I'll be able to help a lot of guys. Can you put in the fix for me?"—*Bourne*, 1-'41, Published by the Inmates at the Indiana State Prison.

SPIRITUAL VALUES

Queen Elizabeth, at Buckingham Palace, speaking to Andre Maurois, on the day Germans entered Paris: "You have lost everything, Mr. Maurois, but don't you think that when one has lost everything there is still a great deal left?"

TAXES

Asserting that prevailing methods of determining Excess Profits credit, as provided in the Second Revenue Act of 1940, do not properly reflect the Normal Income on a growing business, James F. Stiles, Jr., vice president and treasurer of Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Ill., suggests that excess profits be measured by the ratio of profits to pay roll.

The formula is simple. Total pay roll for the period 1936-39, and total profits for the same period would be determined. The percentage which the total profit bears to the total pay roll would be the company's normal profit. This percentage, applied to the pay roll of the current year would be the amount exempt from excess-profits tax. Obvious advantage of the plan is that it stimulates rather than penalizes payroll expansion and increased employment.

Mr. Stiles has prepared a detailed pamphlet, which will be mailed upon request.

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There is just as much bravery in not dodging a tax bill as there is in not dodging a fight.—*Kiwanis Magazine.*

THRIFT

The three Puritan virtues were Sabbath-Keeping, Chastity and Thrift—and we're still pretty thrifty—ELEANOR EARLY, *A New-England Sampler.*

TRUTH

Edgar Wallace, the adventure writer, often told of dreaming that he stood on the parapet of heaven, looking down at the earth. Beside him were two ragged but happy saints. One smoked a pipe whose aroma was certainly not celestial. After a long pause, another saint approached and began grinding a diamond in a mortar.

When the jewel was powdered, he shook the gleaming dust over the world which was spinning below. At once men began searching for the specks of diamond. Suddenly the saints were overcome with laughter. Wallace asked what the joke was. To which a saint replied:

"You saw yon diamond old Harry was grinding. Well, that is the TRUTH." Here the saint rolled with merriment, "And every man on earth who finds a speck will think he has the whole."—*Coronet*, 1-'41.

UNEMPLOYMENT

There is too great a tendency to think of the Unemployed as a vast horde, about whom we can do little. The Unemployed are just a collection of individuals—just folks, like the rest of us. Some of them have been unemployed too long; it will be hard for them to get back again. Most of them can be helped back again. If we help enough of them, in enough cities and towns over the country, we will make a dent in our unemployment problem . . . and if we help our boys and girls to find their places in industry, we need not develop a large group of unemployables in our next generation.—SIDNEY & MARY EDLUND, originators of the Man-Marketing Clinic, in *American Legion Monthly*, 10-'40.

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How do I get enough experience to qualify me as an "experienced worker" if nobody will hire me because I have no experience?—GUS WOHLMAN, 23 year old Brooklyn resident, reported in *PM*.

WAR

This is a strange war. The front line is four miles directly above London, and the heroes are all the people.—ERNIE PYLE, NEA columnist, writing from London.

Horrors of War—The fall of France having cut off the chief source of gold braid, the Royal Canadian Navy is preparing to substitute yellow silk lace, made in Canada, for ornamenting the cuffs of uniforms.

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What Comes After?—Bear in mind, when peace is declared . . . with 40 to 50 million men thrown back into productive effort . . . men will become serfs and slaves for the sake of three meals a day, and a place to rest their weary bodies at night. This will mean one simple fact—that they will have the ability to produce commodities and products for export at prices so low it will eliminate the possibility of this nation having even a semblance of our present normal export trade left.—EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER, World War Ace, *American Federationist*, 1-'41.

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How Wars are Won—No modern war was ever decided by a race in the production of munitions, and this war will be no exception. The two determining factors in war are—first, man power; second, sea power.

Germany cannot be defeated unless her army is defeated. The British Empire cannot be destroyed so long as she can maintain her sea power. The defeat of the French army cannot be laid to inferiority of equipment. That defeat must be attributed to the fact that the loyalty and dependability of the French soldier had been undermined by subversive influences working from the top of the French government.

The Italian army and navy were well equipped with modern munitions, but look at them in defeat today. Man is the deciding factor.—MAJOR GENERAL G. V. H. MOSELEY, *U. S. News*, 1-24-'41.

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The suffering of war is a great reason for trying to do away with war; but we will never do away with war by expecting it to be rational, and to say that it is not is no excuse for failing to fight it with its own weapons, the only weapons, as we have been taught, which give any promise of success.—WALTER MILLIS, *Zero Hour, a Summons to the Free.* (Farrar & Rinehart, $1.00).

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The American Red Cross may soon start a drive to obtain men's trousers for shipment to Britain. It seems that during air raids, men grab their overcoats and don't stop for pants. This, coupled with the burning of many large London stores, has caused a trouser shortage.—*Newsweek.*

WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE A SALESMAN

MUST be a man of vision and ambition, an after-dinner speaker, before and-after-dinner guzzler, night owl—work all day, drive all night and appear fresh the next day. Must learn to sleep on the floor and eat two meals a day to economize on traveling expenses so he can entertain HIS friends in the next town.

MUST be able to entertain customers' wives, sweethearts and pet stenographers without becoming too amorous. Inhale dust, drive through snow 12 feet deep and 10 below and work all summer without perspiring or acquiring B.O.

MUST be a man's man, a ladies' man, model husband, a father, a devoted son-in-law, a good provider . . . a plutocrat, Democrat, Republican, New Dealer, an old dealer and a fast dealer . . . a technician, electrician, politician, machinist, mechanic, polygamous and ambidexterous.

MUST be a sales promotion expert, create a demand for obsolete merchandise, be a good credit manager, correspondent, attend all jobber clinics, dealer meetings, labor union meetings, tournaments, funerals and births . . . visit customers in hospitals and jails, contact all accounts every two weeks and in SPARE time look for new buiness, collect delinquent accounts and attend factory sales conferences.

MUST have a wide range of telephone numbers in all principal cities and villages when entertaining the sales manager.

MUST have a good car, attractive home or lodge (a tent will do), belong to all clubs and pay expenses at home and on the road for 5 per cent commission, payable when the factory floats a loan. Price chiseling and bad debts will be deducted from monthly commissions, plus 2 per cent excise tax, 1 per cent old-age pension and 2 per cent "lost sales" tax. All back orders will be deducted from total sales volume, plus freight allowed, parcel post, telegrams and seltzer water. Mail-order business excluded.

MUST be an expert driver, talker, liar, dancer, traveler, bridge player, poker hound, toreador, golf-player, diplomat, financier, capitalist, philanthropist and nudist . . . an authority on palmistry, chemistry, archeology, psychology, meteorology . . . dogs, cats, horses, house trailers, blondes, brunettes, redheads and lingerie.—*Bulletin of the New York Sales Executive Club.*

Good Stories you can use . . .

There were three people in the British railway compartment—an old lady and two men. Suddenly one of the men said "25", and the other immediately burst into laughter. When he had ceased chuckling, he called out "121", and the other man then roared with laughter.

This went on for some time. No sooner would one call a number than the other would laugh.

The old lady, doubting the sanity of her two companions, turned to them and said, "Excuse me, but I don't see anything funny in shouting a number."

"It's all right, madam" one replied. "We are commercial travelers, and we know all our jokes by number."

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

WILLIS A. SUTTON,
Superintendent,
Atlanta Public Schools

One day I chanced to meet on the streets an old Negro mammy who, some time before, had gone North as a servitor with a wealthy family. I expressed surprise at seeing her back so soon.

"Yas, sah, Mistah Willis" she explained "Ah done comed back home. Dey was nice folkses, an' dey treat me well, but dat work hit got me down. In all my born days Ah never seen so much shufflin' ob de dishes fo' de fewness ob de vittles!"

A conservative Eastern banking family, wintering in California, engaged a servant girl fresh out of a movie idol's home. Everything about her indicated they had a find. The first morning on the job, she sailed into their room to awaken them with a tray, two glasses, a decanter of whiskey. They fell out of bed when she greeted them cheerily: "You-all ready for your little pick-me-up?"—PEGGY MCEVOY, *Ladies' Home Journal*, 2-'41.

" "

Situations arising out of the national defense program are not without a touch of humor. A personnel director at a mammoth powder plant, where hundreds of men are being interviewed daily, glibly asked one of the stock questions and prepared to write down the expected answer.

"What are your war sympathies?"

The colored applicant mumbled some unintelligible remark as he gazed blankly at the desk before him.

"What we mean," explained the interviewer, thinking the question had been misunderstood, "is who do you want to win the war?"

The answer was like an explosion in the plant:

"Who's fightin'?"

" "

Dr. Sidney Blair Harry tells this story of a small-town musician, who was engaged to play at a wedding. The family was one of newly-acquired wealth, and everything was to be of the finest. The musician had completed several selections, and was becoming a bit apprehensive when a relative approached to whisper that the bride was a bit tardy. "Just keep on playing" she commanded. Desperately, the musician sought to explain that he had already played everything he knew, and had no further scores with him. "Oh, that's all right, Professor" beamed the dowager, "you just fill in the time by impoverishing some music!"

" "

A well-known Protestant minister delights to tell this story, at gatherings where he finds himself in company with his good friends the Catholic priests:

A certain contractor employed an Irishman, and was well pleased with the quality of his work, and the diligence displayed. On the third day, however, the Irishman failed to appear for work, sending word that he would be absent for an indefinite period.

Later, the contractor met the man on the street and upbraided him for his action. "What's the matter" he concluded, "didn't we give you a fair deal?"

Pat was ready with assurances that all had been well. He had simply gone to work on another job. "I'll be back with you agin" he declared "as soon as this wor-ruk is done."

"But I don't understand" persisted the contractor. "Why did you leave one job for another. Was it the pay?"

No, Pat admitted, it wasn't the pay. "I'm gittin' quite a bit less on me presint job" he confessed, "but t' tell ye the truth, I like the wor-ruk better. 'Tis more inshpirin'."

"And what is this work you like so well? What is it you're doing?"

Pat beamed with delight as he replied, "We're tearin' down a Pres-by-ter-rian church!"